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NEXTPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1761, and is now in its one-hundred and fifty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is published quarterly, costing \$1.00, and contains news from every quarter of the globe, with a special section on American news, well selected intelligence and valuable information and household departments. Renting so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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New Postmaster at Last.

The United States Senate has confirmed the appointment of John B. Sullivan to be postmaster of Newport, to succeed Robert S. Burlingame, resigned, thus bringing to an end a long controversy as to who should be the next postmaster here. There have been many who have contended that Mr. Sullivan would never receive the appointment even though recommended by Congressman O'Shaunessy, and many names have been mentioned as possible dark horses. Although Mr. Burlingame tendered his resignation last November, he has continued to hold the office until the present time, and it was this delay in appointing a successor that gave rise to much talk of other candidates for the office. However, the MERCURY has never doubted for a minute but that Mr. Sullivan would obtain the coveted position under the circumstances. Preparations are now about completed for the transfer of the office from Mr. Burlingame to Mr. Sullivan and within a few days the latter will be in full charge.

Mr. Burlingame was appointed postmaster upon the death of Postmaster Landers about four years ago, and his term of office would expire next April. When he was persuaded to run for Mayor last fall, he immediately tendered his resignation to the Postoffice department and it was thus expected that a successor would be appointed immediately. However the time dragged along, and Mr. Burlingame was elected Mayor in December, and was finally inaugurated in January, while still holding the office of postmaster. As it has turned out, his term of office as postmaster has been curtailed but a little over a month by reason of his resignation.

Mr. John B. Sullivan has long been prominent in the Democratic party of the city and State. He has been a member of the representative council for a number of years, and has taken a leading part in the deliberations of that body. He was elected when the State was divided into representative districts, he was elected to represent the fifth district of Newport in the House of Representatives, and has since been continuously re-elected. During the present session he has been the acknowledged floor leader of the minority, and was the party nominee for the office of Speaker when the Legislature was organized in January. Last year he was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee and had charge of the campaign throughout the State.

The appointment of Mr. Sullivan to the federal office will cause a vacancy in the Newport delegation in the General Assembly. It is probable that a special election in the fifth district will be called to fill the vacancy, although there is a bare possibility that it might be allowed to go over until the city election next December. There are already a number of candidates in the field, and the caucus will probably be a warm one. Mr. Michael J. Murphy, long a member of the representative council and of the old common council, and a prominent worker in the Democratic party, announced his candidacy some time ago. Mr. Carl J. Voigt, also a member of the representative council, a son of Mr. Ernst Voigt, is working hard to secure the nomination, and there are several others who are saying little but are desirous of obtaining the honor.

Market Square License Refused.

There was an interesting session of the board of license commissioners on Tuesday evening, when formal protests were made against the petition for transfer of the license of Robert J. Sweeney & Son from DeBlois street to Market square. This firm was burned out in the DeBlois street fire some weeks ago, and wished to transfer their business to Market square. William R. Harvey appeared as the representative of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company, owning property on Market square, and spoke against allowing any more licenses in that vicinity, on the ground that after the new police station is completed, the locality will be much improved, and the city should do nothing to detract from a desirable entrance point for the thousands of visitors by the ferry. He was followed by Rev. William Safford Jones, representing the Ministers Union, along the same lines. The board afterward considered the matter in executive session, and finally voted to deny the petition.

The Suffragists are making a strong campaign for their bill now before the Legislature, allowing women to vote for Presidential electors. All the Newport County delegation has been interviewed by the workers. The anti-Suffragists are by no means idle, and if a public hearing is given, both sides will probably be represented.

Colonel and Mrs. John C. Seabury have gone to Eustis, Florida, for a stay of several weeks.

Recent Deaths.

Miss Eliza P. Simmons.

Miss Eliza P. Simmons of this city was drowned at Nantucket on Friday, February 12, a telegram being received here in the evening from the Chief of Police of Nantucket conveying the information that she had drowned herself. Members of her family went to the Island as quickly as possible and saw that arrangements were made to recover the body if possible but they were without success.

Miss Simmons was the younger daughter of the late Professor William C. Simmons, and lived just across the Middletown line on Miantonomi avenue. She was an excellent musician and had found considerable success in giving piano instruction. Of late she had not been in the best of health and went to Nantucket about a week before her death in the hope of recuperating somewhat. Before leaving Newport she gave a few of her personal belongings to some intimate friends, which in the light of subsequent events, has considerable significance.

She is survived by a sister, Miss Margaret P. Simmons, and a brother, Mr. Henry G. Simmons; also by an aunt, She was a graduate of the Rogers High School in the class of 1893. She was of a deeply religious nature, strong in her faith, and always ready to lend her aid to any who might require assistance.

John H. Jouvet.

Mr. John H. Jouvet, a native of Newport, but for many years a resident of Cincinnati died at his home in that city on Friday, February 12, at the advanced age of ninety-four years. Nearly sixty years ago he went to Ohio and engaged in business in Cincinnati. He proved to be a successful business man, and some fifteen years ago decided to retire and enjoy the fruits of his long labor.

He came to Newport at intervals during his life in the West, and in 1913 spent several months here having come to attend the burial of his wife who died in Cincinnati about two years ago.

Mr. Jouvet was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in every position, and was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. In spite of his advanced years, he was very active when last in Newport, and had the strength and intelligence of a man many years his junior. He delighted in visiting the scenes of his boyhood days, and was able to take long walks about the city.

Mr. Jouvet is survived by a daughter, Miss Lillie H. Jouvet, who made her home with her father; also by a brother, Mr. Helmer Jouvet, foreman of the MERCURY; and a sister, Mrs. Mary L. Doull, of Holyoke, Mass.

The remains were brought to this city for interment, and were placed in the receiving vault in the Island Cemetery until the ground is in condition to permit of interment.

Mrs. Frank G. Harris.

Mrs. Almira G. Harris, widow of Colonel Frank G. Harris, died at her home on Mill street on Thursday, in her 77th year, death being due to cerebral hemorrhage. She was born in Douglas, Mass., being descendant of an old Colonial family. She married for her first husband, Mr. Eben Wood of Middleboro, Mass., who was a distinguished musician and a relative of the Wood family of Newport. He was accidentally killed a few years later while on a shooting excursion on the Massachusetts marshes. His widow afterward removed to Newport, where she married Colonel Frank G. Harris, the founder of the Newport Observer, and for a number of years very prominent in the life of Newport. He died in England a number of years ago.

Mrs. Harris was a woman of remarkable intelligence and received a splendid education in her youth. She was a brilliant conversationalist, and her company was eagerly sought for any social occasion. Some twenty-five years ago it appeared that no function was complete that was not graced by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, and their own home was the scene of many brilliant gatherings.

Mrs. Harris is survived by one son, Mr. Horatio G. Wood, formerly proprietor of the Observer and afterward editor of the Herald. Another son, Mr. Charles E. Harris, died in the Philippines a number of years ago, while in command of an army transport.

Newport the Gainer.

The outlook is very bright for a good season in Newport next summer. Many cottage rentals have already been made and many cottage owners who have been abroad for the past few seasons will be at home this summer. European travel, which has taken away so many of our people every year, will not be a factor this year. The globe trotters will have to do their trotting at home this summer and as a consequence many new as well as old patrons will be found in Newport's summer population for 1915. If Newport only had a good up to date hotel it would be well patronized during the coming season.

Committee of 25.

The full committee of 25 held a meeting on Friday night of last week, at which several of the sub-committees made reports and further progress was made on the tentative budget. The indications are that the total amount of appropriations required for the year will be large, and after all the sub-committees have reported, the whole committee will go over the figures again in the hope of paring down some of the expenses.

Another meeting of the full committee was called for last evening, at which time it was expected that the sub-committee on highways would have its report ready. Much interest is felt throughout the city in this report, as the sub-committee has had under consideration many matters that are of deep interest. The Broadway pavements has attracted much attention, and the committee has made trips out of town to see pavements in other cities. It is generally understood that the committee is favorable to a wooden block pavement from Lake's corner to Spring street, and would recommend this. On the other hand many members of the full committee and of the representative council are opposed to this form of pavement and a battle is expected before it is finally adopted.

Another matter of much interest is that of new sidewalks. It was believed that the sub-committee would recommend a certain specified amount to be expended for sidewalks in each ward, and if so strenuous efforts will be made by abutters to secure walks in front of their residences. In the second ward there has already been lively contest over one street. A sidewalk has been asked for on Bliss road, but the fight comes as to which side of the street shall have it. The residents of the north side claim that that is the most travelled side, while the residents of the south side are equally strenuous in upholding the claim for their side of the street. The advocates of each side appeared before the sub-committee recently, and the argument waged pretty warmly. However, in view of the large expenditure for highways that is absolutely necessary it is not impossible that appropriations for new sidewalks may be omitted entirely this year.

Although the sub-committee on fire department made up their budget largely on the basis of the present organization of the fire department, this problem is not yet disposed of. In carrying out the provisions of the reorganization scheme, extensive alterations to some of the fire stations is required, and while it is planned to pay for these changes by the sale of some of the abandoned stations, it may be necessary to ask the council for an appropriation pending the disposal of the old buildings.

Just when the council can be called to act upon the full report of the committee of 25 is somewhat in doubt. Other meetings of the committee will undoubtedly be necessary, and the law provides that after the report is completed it must be printed and distributed to every taxpayer seven days before the council meeting. It looks now as though it might be well on toward the middle of March before the council can take action on the report.

Board of Aldermen

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the contract for printing and binding the City Manuals for 1915 was awarded to the Mercury Publishing Company. Two petitioners for damages from the city were given leave to withdraw. The offer of a life net for the fire department from Hon. F. P. Garretson was accepted with thanks.

A long report was received from the aldermanic committee on the new Clarke school, stating that the plans are being revised in order to keep within the amount voted by the people.

A long communication was received from Mrs. Emily C. Ridlon, asking for assistance from the city in building a sea wall and maintaining the walk along the Cliffs in front of her place, Aldermen Kirby and Hughes were made a committee to confer with the committee of 25 on Friday evening regarding the matter.

New rules of order for the board were adopted.

A number of New Englanders have made applications for positions as enumerators of the State census. So many names have been received from all parts of the State that Colonel Webb has closed his lists and will make selections from the names now on file. The taking of the census will begin on March 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Phelps have purchased the Mayer farm on State Hill in Middletown, and plan to make that their permanent home. Mrs. Phelps is a daughter of Mrs. William E. Glyn, who owns a handsome estate on Bellevue avenue.

Newport Historical Society.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Newport Historical Society was held at the rooms on Touro street Monday, February 16. About seventy-five people were present, the Vice President, Rev. Dr. Roderick Torry in the chair. The Librarian's report contained a reference to Rev. John Clark's Bible, which it is hoped will some day be deposited with the Society.

This Bible, of the Geneva version, published in 1608, was given to John Clark by his father, and descended in the family of his brother Joseph, to Professor John C. C. Clarke, of Alton, Illinois.

In 1885, he consigned the Bible in perpetual trust to the Trustees of the University of Rochester, N. Y., on the following conditions:

"It is not to be a part of the assets of the University. It shall be exhibited under glass, but not yielded to the handling of the curious or of seekers of genealogical information."

"It shall be accompanied by a conspicuous paper or card, calling attention to the distinctive honor of Dr. Clarke above that of Roger Williams."

"When the Trustees of the University of Rochester shall be unwilling to comply with these conditions, or shall fail to do so, they shall resign the Bible to the possession of the Historical Society of Newport, R. I., upon demand of the chief officers of the said Newport Historical Society, which society shall then become its perpetual custodian."

In anticipation of Mr. Blackwell's address, a letter was written to the trustees of the University of Rochester, asking if a photograph might be made of the whole exhibit, including the card accompanying it. In reply, the Trustees wrote that the Bible was withdrawn by the depositor a number of years ago. A letter has now been sent in the effort to trace the present whereabouts of the Bible.

This is the month of anniversaries.

February 14, 1863, the organizing meeting

of this Society was held; Feb. 14, 1854, the charter was accepted, and during that month the Society was incorporated by the General Assembly of R. I. At this meeting, therefore, the Society observed not only these anniversaries, but the hundred years of Peace.

Among the collections is a Broadside printed at the office of the

Newport MERCURY, at four o'clock in the morning, February 14, 1816. This

announced the Treaty of Peace between our Country and Great Britain. On Washington's Birthday a celebration

was held in this town, and the Mercury of Feb. 25, contained an interesting item concerning the celebration. These

were read by Miss Simpson, Assistant at the Historical Rooms.

The following members were elected:

Hon. Robert S. Burlingame, Hon. John B. Sullivan, Mrs. Walter A. Wright and Rev. Charles Russell Peck.

After the business, Hon. Thomas W. Blackwell, President of the Rhode Island Citizens' Historical Association, delivered an address on the "Primacy of Portsmouth and Newport in the Colonial History of New England Towns."

He especially mentioned the active work of John Clark in obtaining a charter from England.

The address by Hon. Thomas W.

Blackwell, of Providence, proved to be one of the most valuable, instructive and interesting ever delivered before the Society.

He spoke upon "The Primacy of Portsmouth and Newport in the Colonial History of New England Towns"

showing conclusively how these towns showed the way for the Providence settlement to follow.

He paid a high tribute to John Clarke, placing his value to the colony far ahead of that of Roger Williams.

He showed, too, that Newport and Portsmouth had a well-organized town government that long antedated that of Providence, and upon which the later

government of Providence was modeled, by their own admission.

Mr. Blackwell has been a student of the history of Rhode Island, and is well

qualified to speak upon historical subjects.

PORTSMOUTH.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

COURT OF PROBATE. At the regular monthly session of the Court of Probate held at the Town Hall on Monday, February 16, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Ruth M. Anthony. Petition of Ashton C. Barker for probate of will was heard and granted. Will proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary directed to issue to Ashton C. Barker as Executor. Executor required to give bond in the sum of \$20,000, with Albert A. Anthony and Charles A. Ahlro as Sureties. For appraisers, Lynn H. Barker, Henry C. Sherman, Jr. and Clifton B. Ward were appointed.

Estate of Laura W. Bispham. The petition of Francis P. Bellamy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Executor of the will of Laura W. Bispham, to have filed and recorded an exemplified copy of her will was granted.

Estate of William Bailey. Mary S. Bailey and Elizabeth E. Underwood, the Executrix of his will, presented their final account with his estate, which was referred to the third Monday of March with an order of notice.

Estate of Phebe E. Thurston. Charles Peckham presented his petition to prove her will and for letters testamentary for her estate to be granted him, as sole Executor. Petition referred to the third Monday of March with an order of notice.

Estate of Laura A. Barker. Abiel F. Davis, as Guardian, on his petition was authorized to sell at private sale 25 shares of the Providence Gas Company, belonging to this estate.

IN TOWN COUNCIL. An order having been received from the Superior Court to draw six additional grand and five petit jurors, the following were drawn: Grand Jurors, William S. Coggeshall, Albert A. Anthony, Joseph D. Chase, E. Marion Peckham, Charles P. Smith and Alfred Carr.

Petit Jurors, Joseph E. Kline, Lawrence M. Greason, Nathan B. Brown, William J. Stewart and Reuben W. Peckham.

Jurors have been warned to attend the March term of the Superior Court as follows: Grand, William S. Coggeshall; Petit, Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr., and Joseph E. Kline.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: William H. Sisson, for highway work, \$17.50; Walter S. Barker, \$18.75; Julian F. Peckham, for highway work, \$16.75; Thomas G. Ward, bounty due for killing skunks, \$5.00; Chas. Hazard, lamps for Town Hall, \$10.00; Wright Brothers, for lettering signs, \$2.80; Arthur A. Brigham, services as janitor at Town Hall, \$3.60; Thomas G. Ward, for services as Town Sergeant, \$12.50; Jeannette Goffe, clerical assistance in office of Town Clerk 4 weeks, \$40.00; A. A. White Company, 12 police badges, \$6.00; Bay State Street Railway Company, electric light

BLACK IS WHITE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER III.

The Bride.

Frederic flatly refused to meet the steamer when she docked. As if swayed by his decision, Dawes and Riggs likewise abandoned a plan to greet the returning master and his bride as they came down the gangplank. But for the almost peremptory counsel of Mrs. Desmond, Brood's son would have absented himself from the house on the day of their arrival. Jones and a footman went to the pier with the chauffeur.

It was half-past two in the afternoon when the automobile drew up in front of the house and the sun-coated footman nimbly hopped down and threw open the door.

James Brood, a tall, distinguished-looking man of fifty, stepped out of the limousine. For an instant, before turning to assist his wife from the car, he allowed his keen eyes to sweep the windows on the lower floor. In one of them stood his son, holding the lace curtain apart and smiling welcome that seemed sincere. He waved his hand to the man on the sidewalk. Brood responded with a swift, almost perfunctory gesture and then held out his hand to the woman who was descending.

Frederic's intense gaze was fixed on the stranger who was coming into his life. At a word from Brood, she glanced up at the window. The smile still lingered on the young man's lips, but his eyes were charged with an expression of acute wonder. He had never looked upon a more beautiful creature in all his life. A kind of stupor held him motionless until he heard the door close behind them; in the brief interval, however, a picture had been impressed upon his senses that was to last forever.

She was slightly above the medium height, slender and graceful even in the long, thick coat that enveloped her. She did not wear a veil. He had a swift but enduring glimpse of a curiously pallid, perfectly modeled face; of jet black hair of a firm, sensible chin. Somehow he received the extraordinary impression that the slim, lithe body was never cold; that she expressed in some indefinable way the unvarying temperature of youth.

He hurried into the hall, driven by the latent spur of duty. He heard his father's warm, almost gay response to the greetings of the old men, whose hands he wrung with a fervor that was unmistakable. He heard him present them to the new Mrs. Brood as "the best old boys in all the world," and they were both saying, with spasmodic chuckles of pleasure, that she "mustn't believe a word the young rascal said."

He was struck by the calm, serene manner in which she accepted those jocular contributions to the occasion. Her smile was friendly, her handshake cordial, and yet there was an unmistakable air of tolerance, as of one who is accustomed to tribute. She merely smiled and thanked them in simple, commonplace phrases. Her voice was low-pitched and marked by a huskiness that was peculiar in that it was musical, not throaty. Frederic, on first seeing her, had leaped to the conclusion that her English would not be perfect. He was somewhat surprised to discover that she had but the faintest trace of an accent. He awoke suddenly, however, to the realization that he had been looking into his new stepmother's eyes for a long time and that she was returning his gaze with some intensity.

"And this!" she said, abruptly breaking in upon one of Danbury's hasty reminiscences, effectually ending it. "This is Frederic!"

She came directly toward the young man, her small, gloved hand extended. Her eyes were looking into his with an intensity that disconcerted him. There was no smile on her lips. It was as if she regarded this moment as a pronounced crisis.

Frederic mumbled something furtive about being glad to see her, and felt his face burn under her steady gaze. His father came forward.

"Yes; this is Frederic, my dear," he said, without a trace of warmth in his voice. As she withdrew her hand from Frederic's grasp, Mrs. Brood extended his. "How are you, Frederic?"

"Quite well, sir."

They shook hands in the most perfunctory manner.

"I need not ask how you are, father," said the son, after an instant's hesitation. "You never looked better, sir."

"Thank you. I am well. Ah, Mrs. Desmond! It is good to be home again with you all. My dear, permit me to introduce Mrs. John Desmond. You have heard me speak of my old comrade and—"

"I have heard you speak of Mr. Desmond a thousand times," said his wife. There may have been a shade of emphasis on the prefix, but it was so slight that no one remarked it save the widow of John Desmond, who had joined the group.

"Will you go to your room at once, Mrs. Brood?" asked Mrs. Desmond. The new mistress of the house had not offered to shake hands with her, as James Brood had done. She had moved closer to Frederic and was smiling in a rather shy, pleading way, in direct contrast to her manner of the moment before. The smile was for her stepson. She barely glanced at Mrs. Desmond.

"Thank you, too. I see a nice, big

gown fell away. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Desmond. I have many bad habits. Now will you kindly show me to my room? I prefer that you end not of the servants should be my guide. Au revoir, Frederic. Till then, James."

Her eyes were sparkling, her husky voice once more full of the appealing quality that could not be denied. The flush of injured pride faded from Mrs. Desmond's brow, and a faint look of surprise crept into her eyes. To her further amusement, the younger woman laid a hand upon her arm and gave it a gentle, friendly pressure.

The men watched them in silence as they left the room, side by side. A moment later they heard the soft laughter of the two women as they mounted the stairs together.

Frederic drew a long breath.

"She's splendid, father," he said, impulsively.

Brood's face was still clouded. He did not respond to the eager tribute. Father and son faced each other. They were a striking pair, each in his way an example of fine, clear manhood. The father was taller by a couple of inches than the son, and yet Frederic was nearly six feet in his stockings. Both were spare men, erect and gracefully proportioned. Brood gave out the impression of great strength, of steel sinews, of invincible power; Frederic did not suggest physical strength, and yet he was a clean-limbed, well-built fellow. He had a fine head, a slim body whose every movement proclaimed nervous energy, and a face that denoted temperament of the most pronounced character. It was not a strong face, nor was it weak; it represented character without force.

On the other hand, James Brood's lean, handsome face was full of power. His gray eyes were keen, steady, compelling and seldom alight with warmth. His jaw was firm, square, resolute, and the lines that sank heavily into the flesh in his cheeks were put there not by age but by the very vigor of manhood. His hair was quite gray.

Frederic waited for his father to speak. But James Brood had nothing to say. "She is very attractive, father," said the young man at last, almost wistfully. He did not realize it, but he was groping for sympathy. Brood had been to the house for a quarter of an hour, after an absence of nearly a year, yet his greeting had been cold, casual, matter-of-fact. Frederic expected little more than that; still he felt in a vague way that now, it never again, the ice of reserve might be broken between them if only for a moment. He was ready and willing to do his part.

Brood was studying the young man's face with an intensity that for the moment disconcerted him. He seemed bent on fixing certain features in his mind's eye, as if his memory had once played him false and should not do so again. It was a habit of Brood's, after prolonged separations, to look for something in the boy's face that he wanted to see and yet dreaded, something that might have escaped him when in daily contact with him. Now, at the end of the rather obstinate scrutiny, he seemed to shake his head slightly, although one could not have been sure.

"And as charming as she is attractive, Frederic," he said, with a faint dash of the enthusiasm he suppressed. "Who is she?" asked his son, without realizing the bluntness of his eager question.

"Who is she?" repeated his father, raising his eyebrows slightly. "She is Mrs. James Brood."

"I beg your pardon," stammered Frederic. "I didn't mean to put it in that way. Who was she? Where did you meet her and—Oh, I want to know all there is to tell, father. I've heard nothing. I am naturally curious."

Brood stopped him with a gesture.

"She was Yvonne Lestrangue, before we were married—Mademoiselle Lestrangue. We met some time ago at the house of a mutual friend in Paris. I assure you, her references are all that could be desired." His tone was sarcastic.

Frederic flushed. "I'm sorry I asked the questions, sir," he said, stiffly.

Brood suddenly laughed, a quiet laugh that had some trace of humor and a touch of compunction in it. "I beg your pardon, Frederic. Come up to my room and smoke a cigar with me while I'm changing. I'll tell you about her. She is wonderful."

"You are splendid!" he cried. "It's not going to be at all bad."

"I am sure you will like me," she said composedly.

Brood joined them at the fireside.

"My dear, Mrs. Desmond will show you over the house when you are ready. You will be interested in seeing the old place. Later on I shall take you up to my secret hiding place, as they say in books. Ranjab will have the rooms in order by this evening. Where is your daughter, Mrs. Desmond?"

"She is at work on the catalogue. Mr. Brood, in the jade-room. On your last letter you instructed her to finish that—"

"But this is a holiday, Mrs. Desmond," said he, frowning. "Jones, will you ask Miss Lydia to join us for tea at half-past four?"

"You will adore Lydia," said Frederic to Mrs. Brood.

Apparently she did not hear him, for she gave no sign. She was looking about the room with eyes that seemed to take in everything.

"I am sure I shall be very happy in this dear old house," she said quietly. "Your own mother must have loved it, Frederic."

James Brood started. Unnoticed by the others, his fingers tightened on the gloves he carried in his hand.

"I never knew my mother," said the young man. "She died when I was a baby."

"But of course this was her home, was it not?"

"I don't know," said Frederic, uncomfortably. "I suppose so. I—I came here a few years ago and—"

"But even though you never knew her, there must still be something here—that—that—how shall I say it? I mean, you must feel that she and you were here together years and years ago. One may never have seen her, yet he can always feel her. There is something—shall I say spiritual—in—"

Her husband broke in upon these unwelcome reflections. His voice was curiously harsh.

"Mrs. Desmond is waiting, Yvonne." She drew herself up. "Are you in such great haste, Mrs. Desmond?" she asked in a voice that cut like a knife. Instinctively, she glanced at Frederic's face. She saw the muscles of his jaw harden and an angry fire leap into his eyes. Instantly her ap-

petite fell away. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Desmond. I have many bad habits. Now will you kindly show me to my room? I prefer that you end not of the servants should be my guide. Au revoir, Frederic. Till then, James."

Her eyes—tears of relief and gratitude. The buoyant expression in Frederic's told a new story. Her heart rejoiced.

"Nonsense!" said Brood when she announced that she was going to change her gown. "You never looked so pretty, my dear, as you do at this moment. Come just as you are. To please me."

"A tea party and an autopsy are very much alike, Mr. Brood," said she. "One can learn a lot at either."

Still, if you'd like to have Mrs. Brood see me as I really am, I'll appear sans plumage."

"I'd like it," said he promptly. "I am sure you will like each other, Lydia."

"I am glad you did not say we would admire each other," said she quaintly.

"You look very happy, Mr. Brood," she went on, her eyes bright.

"I believe I am happy," said he.

"Then we shall all be happy," was her rejoinder.

She returned to the Jade-room on the upper floor, where she had been at work on the catalogue. Brood had a very large and valuable collection of jade. The Jade-room, so called, was little more than a large closet off the remarkable room which James Brood was pleased to call his "hiding place," or on occasion, his "retreat." No one ventured into either of these rooms except by special permission.

Ranjab, his Indian servant, slept in an adjoining room, and it was whispered about the house that not even James Brood had allowed his inferior. This silent, unapproachable man from the mysterious heart of India, locked his door when he entered the room and locked it when he came out. No one, not even the master, thought of entering. Mr. Dawes, in his cups or out of them, was responsible for the impression that the man kept deadly serpents there. As a matter of fact, Ranjab was a peaceable fellow and desperately afraid of snakes.

Lydia loved the feel of the cold, oily lumps of jade. There were a few pieces of porcelain of extreme rarity and beauty as well, and several priceless bits of celadon, but it was the jade she loved. There were two or three hundred objects of various sizes and color and all were what might be called museum pieces.

She had been at work for half an hour or longer when a noise in the outer room attracted her attention. She had the odd feeling that some one was looking at her through the open door, and swiftly turned.

Except when occupied by Brood the room was darkened by means of



A Noise in the Outer Room Attracted Her Attention.

heavy window hangings; the effect was that produced by the gloaming just before the stars appear. Objects were shadowy, indistinct, mysterious. The light from the Jade-room door threw a diverging ray across the full length of the room. In the very center of this bright strip sat a placid effigy of Buddha that Brood had found in a remote corner of Siam, serenely seated on top of its thick base of bronze and lacquer, with a shining shrine for a background. In the dim edge of the shadow, near the door at the far end of the room, Lydia made out the motionless, indistinct figure of a woman. The faint outlines of the face were discernible but not so the features. For a moment the girl stared at the watcher and then advanced to the door.

"Who is it?" she inquired, peering.

A low, husky voice replied, with a suggestion of laughter in the tones.

"I am exploring the house."

Lydia came forward at once. "Oh, it is Mrs. Brood. I beg your pardon. Shall I switch on the lights?"

"You are Lydia?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brood."

"I have been prowling everywhere. Your good mother deserved me when my maid arrived with Ranjab a short time ago. Isn't this the dreadful blue-bed room? Shall I lose my head if I am discovered by the ogre?"

The girl felt the spell stealing over her. The low voice of the woman in the shadow was like a sensuous caress. She experienced a sudden longing to be closer to the speaker, to listen for the very intake of her breath.

"You have already been discovered by the ogre, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia, gaily, "and your head appears to be quite safe."

"Thank you," rather curtly, as if repelling familiarity. It was like a dash of cold water to Lydia's spirits. "You may turn on the lights. I should like to see you, Mrs. Desmond."

The girl crossed the room, passing close to the stranger in the house. The fragrance of a perfume hitherto unknown to her separated itself from the odor of sandalwood that always filled the room; it was soft, delicate, refreshing. It was like a breath of

cool, sweet air filtering into a close, stuffy room. One could not help drawing in a long, full breath, as if the lungs demanded its reviving qualities.

A soft, red glow began to fill the room as Lydia pulled the cord near the door. As the light grew, brighter and brighter the eyes of the stranger swept the room with undigested wonder in their depths.

"How extraordinary!" she murmured, and then turned swiftly toward the girl. "Where does it come from? I can see no lights. And yet there are no shadows, not even beneath the table yonder. It—it is uncanny—but, oh, how lovely!"

Lydia was staring at her with wide-open eyes, frankly astonished. The eager, excited gleam vanished from Mrs. Brood's lovely eyes. They narrowed ever so slightly.

"Why do you stare at me?" she demanded.

"I—I expected—" began Lydia, and stopped in pretty confusion.

"I see. You expected a middle-aged lady, al—of And why, should James Brood marry a middle-aged person?"

"I—I don't know. I'm sorry if I have offended you."

Mrs. Brood smiled, a gay, pleased smile that revealed her small, even teeth. "You haven't offended me, my dear," she said. "You offend my husband by thinking so ill of him, that's all." She took the girl in front head to foot with critical eyes. "No, you were very pretty and very lovable. You are lovely. No one wants to be pretty. Yes, you are just what I expected."

Lydia was the taller of the two women; a malle of two inches perhaps, and yet she had the curious feeling that she was looking upward as she gazed into the other's eyes. It was the way Mrs. Brood held herself. Sending a swift glance around the room, she went on: "My husband delights in having beautiful things about him. He doesn't like the ugly things of this world."

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Lydia was

TO SUITE VOLCANOES.

Startling Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims (and there are many who agree with him) to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body set in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, Neuralgic Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making life a complete burden.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of disease, whether active or threatening, is not only certain but a material fact.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is this liquid discovery. THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE powers of this famous remedy have cut a new path through the field of medicine, sweeping with it a startling record of tremendous success.

Druggists sell it in New York size

and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle, enough for trial, freely sent.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Roosevelt, N.Y.

See David Kennedy's Medicine Sales for all details of information of the size, etc.

Fall River Line

to

NEW YORK

STEAMERS
PROVIDENCE and PLYMOUTH

Leave Long wharf, Newport, daily, at 9:25 P.M., due New York 1:00 A.M. Meal service & in car, Orchestra on each steamer.

WICKFORD LINE

STEAMER GENERAL

(Week Days Only)

Arr.	Dep.	Arr.	Dep.
Newport, N.Y. (Long Wharf)	10:30 p.m.	New York, N.Y. (G. T. Pier)	12:30 a.m.
10:30 p.m.	11:15 p.m.	12:00 m.	7:30 a.m.
11:30 p.m.	7:30 a.m.	12:15 p.m.	8:15 a.m.
10:30 p.m.	7:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.
10:30 p.m.	7:30 a.m.	12:45 p.m.	8:45 a.m.
10:30 p.m.	7:30 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	9:00 a.m.

Tickets, etc., at City Ticket office, 320 Thames St., and at Wharf Office.

C. C. GARDNER Agent, Newport, R. I.

New England Steamship Co.

NEWPORT

PROVIDENCE

RAILWAY

NEWPORT

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PROVIDENCE

Cars leave Washington Square Week Days 7:40, 8:50 a.m., then each hour to 5:50 p.m.

Sundays at 8:50 a.m., then each hour to 7:50 p.m.

Tel. 182 G. M. TOWLE,
1-9 Superintendent

New York, New Haven

& Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Sept. 27, 1914.

Leave New York for Fall River, Tiverton and Boston week days—6:55 A.M., 9:10, 11:05 A.M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:25 P.M. Sundays—Leave New York 6:55, 7:15, 11:05 A.M., 1:05, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:25 P.M.

Middleton and Portsmouth—6:55, 9:10, 11:05 A.M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:25 P.M.

Tiverton—6:55, 8:15, 9:10, 11:05 A.M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:25 P.M.

Middleboro—11:05 A.M., 8:05 P.M.

Hyannis—11:05 A.M., 8:05 P.M.

Provincetown—11:05 A.M., 8:05 P.M.

New Bedford—6:55, 8:15, 9:10, 11:05 A.M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:25 P.M.

Providence (via Fall River)—6:55, 8:15, 9:10, 11:05 A.M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:25 P.M.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their real estate or places of business should make application to the office, Marlboro Street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

No Explanations Needed.

The lady jury was out longer than the importance of the case would warrant.

The judge grew impatient.

"What's the trouble in there?" he said to the bailiff.

"I'll see," replied the bailiff.

"Hold on," cried the judge. "Tell 'em if there's any knotty points about the case that bother them they should appeal to me."

"Yes, your honor."

The bailiff goes to the door of the jury room and returns.

"Well?"

"They ain't got to the case yet, your honor. They're still discussin' th' plaintiff's clothes." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Domestic Problem.

First Modern Parent—Aren't you two children something of a problem? Second Modern Parent—Yes, indeed! They go away to school for thirty-eight weeks, to camp for ten and that leaves four whole weeks when I don't know where to send them—life.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

BLACK IS WHITE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

Spain's Arbitration Court.
"The most unique and interesting institution for the settlement of civil suits in Spain," writes Thomas W. Palmer, Jr., in Case and Comment, "is the arbitration court. All contentions or disputes before or after the commencement of litigation, no matter how far advanced, can be submitted to an arbitration tribunal by agreement of all the interested parties. The exceptions to this are those suits involving political and civil rights, etc., or those matters in which the state is especially concerned. The arbitrators, whose number must not exceed five, are lawyers of twenty-five or more years of age and in full enjoyment of civil rights. In some instances the arbitrators may be laymen (nonsignable compensated). Appeal is made from the arbitration direct to the territorial appeal court. This method of deciding claims has proved successful and is employed considerably."

(To Be Continued.)

The Time to Break It.

There is an anecdote in some volume of French theatrical memoirs narrating an experience of Miss Clifton, the great tragic actress, with a pupil of hers, a girl of strong natural gifts for the dramatic art, but too frequent and too exuberant in her gesticulation. So when the pupil was once to appear before the public in a recitation Miss Clifton bound the girl's arms to her sides by a stiff thread and sent her thus upon the stage.

With the first strong feeling she had to express the pupil tried to raise her arms only to be restrained by the thread. A dozen times in the course of her recitation she was prevented from making the gestures she desired until at the very end she could stand it no longer, and in the climax of her emotion she broke her bonds and swung her hands to her head.

When she came off the stage she went humbly to where Miss Clifton was standing in the wings and apologized for having snapped the thread.

"But you did quite right," said the teacher. "That was the time to make the gesture, not before."

When Earthquakes Come.

That animals are sensitive to the approach of earthquakes is a fact frequently observed, and the more recent seismic troubles in various countries give numerous examples of this singular faculty which many animals possess. For instance, in Japan horses set up an unusual agitation whenever a seismic shock is near at hand. In Central America dogs and cats flee from houses, and the inhabitants have become so accustomed to this that they follow the example of the animals and leave their dwellings so as to escape danger.

In Italy it has been observed that birds left their nests and flew up to a great height in the air, but this without noise before the earthquake took place. However, at the time when the earthquake shocks were produced the birds uttered cries which lasted for all the duration of the earthquake. It is asserted that in Sicily cocks crow and dogs bark just before an earthquake.—Chicago News.

Power of the Supreme Court.

"The supreme court of the United States," writes Christian Bonnet in Case and Comment, "exercises a power which is unique in the world, to pass upon the constitutionality of the statutes enacted by congress. It may thus suspend the execution of the resolutions lawfully adopted by both houses.

"The French courts have the right to interpret the law. They cannot refuse to do so under pretext that the law is not clear or that it is silent or insufficient. By so doing the judge becomes guilty of a misdemeanor called 'denial of justice,' and he is punished by a fine and deprived of all civil rights for a period varying from five to twenty years. But no court in France, not even the court of cassation, has the power to decide whether a law passed by congress is unconstitutional or not."

Two Kettles of Water.

Sir Robert Hart, speaking of marriage and death customs in the far east, told a story of a great Chinese scholar and high official who said that the foreign way of letting the young people fall in love and choose and the Chinese way of first marrying and then making acquaintance reminded him of two kettles of water. The first—the foreign—was taken at the boiling point from the fire by marriage and then grew cooler and cooler, whereas the second—the Chinese—was a kettle of cold water put on the fire by wedlock and ever afterward growing warmer and warmer, "so that," said his friend, "after fifty or sixty years we are madly in love with each other!"—Exchange.

The Object.

"Why do you write articles on how cheaply people can live if they try?"

"In the hope of getting enough money to avoid having to live that way."—Washington Star.

Romans and Beards.

The ancient Romans considered it effeminate to wear beards. All their busts, representing the famous men of olden times, are without beards.

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CZAR'S FORCES ARE IN RETREAT

East Prussia and Hungary are
Safe For the Present
EVACUATION OF BUKOWINA

Reported to Have Been "One of Most
Thrilling Episodes in Military His-
tory"—Civil Population Fleeing
From Polish Frontier—German Ad-
vance From East Prussia Is De-
signed to Cut Railroad Communi-
cation With Warsaw—Offensive by
Allies Features Fighting in the West

Following hard upon the disastrous
setback to the Russian forces in East
Prussia, the czar's armies have been
forced to retreat before the Austrians
in Bukowina.

This news is contained in an offi-
cial dispatch sent out by the Vienna
foreign office. The Russian official
statement, on the other hand, had a
few hours previously declared there
was no change in Bukowina. Later,
however, the official statement from
Petrograd admitted that the Russian
columns had "retreated" across the
Pruth river, upon the banks of which
Czernowitz is situated.

There is now no question that the
Russians have suffered a serious re-
pulse at both ends of their long bat-
tling line. The threatened invasions
of East Prussia and Hungary are
checked and the Muscovites are in
retreat in the north and in the south—
not in utter rout, perhaps, but fall-
ing back nevertheless.

The Petrograd denials of defeat,
colored as they are by the thin dis-
guise of a "strategic falling back,"
only serve to accentuate the fact that
the Russians have once more proved
unequal to the task of invading the
enemy's country and creating such a
diversion in the eastern theatre of
the war that the Germans will be
forced to rush reinforcements from
Flanders and France.

"The Russian withdrawal from Bu-
kowina was one of the most thrilling
episodes in military history," says a
correspondent of the London Daily
Mail.

The Austro-German forces were
vastly superior in number, but the re-
tirement was effected with compara-
tively little loss. The mountain
paths were followed, as well as the
tracks used only by summer tourists.
The men often had to march in four
feet of snow. The Austrian Tyrolean
troops harassed the marching troops
from the mountain sides with fire,
and when possible loosed pieces of
rock on them."

The German advance from East
Prussia upon the Russian towns of
Kovno and Grodno appear to be de-
signed to cut the railroad communica-
tions to Warsaw, the capital of
Russian Poland, rather than to an ef-
fort to take the ill-fortified posi-
tions in that territory.

Along the Plock to Niemen line,
which is a little short of 200 miles in
length, there has been intermittent
fighting. From all the towns in this
district, which is the most populous
of the empire, the civil population is
fleeing, thronging the highways and
railroads. The latter are offering the
best service possible to transport the
inhabitants to places of safety in the
interior.

The German advance guards are re-
ported to have proceeded from Au-
gustow toward the railroad between
Grodno and Bielystok and to have
reached within twelve miles of the
former places, where they are said to
have been checked by the Russians.

The Allies; in the hope of relieving
the pressure on the Russians, have
taken the offensive along the western
line, and although the French and
German accounts differ as to the re-
sult of this, it is evident that the
French and British have been able to
make some gains at some points,
which they say have been maintained.

The Germans have voluntarily evicted
the village of Norroy, to the
north of Pont-a-Mousson, which they
had captured last week after a severe
fight.

The dispute between Greece and
Turkey over the insult to the Greek
naval attaché at Constantinople has
been settled by a personal apology and
the publication of this in the Turkish
newspapers.

TEN BILLION DOLLARS

War Has Cost the Allies This Enormous Sum Up to Present.

Ten billion dollars have been ap-
propriated by the allies thus far in the
most expensive war from the stand-
point of human lives, dollars and war
material ever waged. Chancellor of
the Exchequer George asserted in the
house of commons.

He added that Great Britain is
spending probably \$500,000,000 or
\$760,000,000 more than either Russia
or France "in the fight against Ger-
man militarism."

"England," he said, "could finance
her share of the war expenditure for
five years longer solely out of the pro-
ceeds of her investments abroad.
France could finance her share for two
or three years by a similar means and
still have something to spare. There
need be no fear as to Russia. Through
her prodigiously rich natural re-
sources she is in a different position
from either France or England."

Winston S. Churchill disclosed for
the first time the total naval losses
as the result of the war. These, he
said, were upward of 500 officers
and men, a majority of them victims
of submarines.

Concerning submarines, Churchill
outlined what Great Britain purposed
to do as a counter to the German
policy. In view of what he styled

"piracy and murder," Churchill said
that it was incumbent on Great Brit-
ain for the first time to apply the "full
force" of her naval power. A formal
declaration to this effect, he added,
would be made forthwith.

THE NAVAL CONFLICT

**British Losses in Tonnage and Lives
Excede Those of Germany.**

Despite the sinking of the German
prisoner cruiser Blücher by the Brit-
ish in the North sea Jan. 24, the ad-
vantage still lies with the Teuton
fleet in tonnage and in number of
lives lost.

The number of German warships
sunk is increased to 42, with a ton-
nage of 161,457, while only 21 Eng-
lish men-of-war, with a tonnage of
170,799, have gone to the bottom of
the sea. On the other hand the Brit-
ish have lost at least 1000 more men
than the Teutons, the figures reading:
Britain 5676, Germany 3138.

The facts and totals are obtained
from newspaper reports and from of-
ficial statements issued by the Brit-
ish admiralty. No official statement
as to the exact number of ships and
lives lost has ever been published by
the Germans, so far as is known.

German torpedoes were responsible
for the loss of seven of the British
vessels, while the submerged mine
has played scarcely a less conspicuous
part, five English warships having
been destroyed by that means.

Less successful have the British
been with the torpedo, only four Ger-
man men-of-war having been dis-
posed of in this way. But in direct
naval engagements where the oppos-
ing fleets have been able to use
their big guns the British are easily
in the lead with at least fifteen Teu-
ton fighting ships to their credit,
whereas the Germans have shelved
only four Britishers.

AIRSHIPS DROP BOMBS

**Allies Make New Raid on German
Bases on Belgian Coast**

Forty British and French aircraft
made another brilliant raid upon Ger-
man positions on the Belgian coast,
dropping bombs on batteries, supply
trains and barges, and upon trawlers
used in mine-laying and mine-sweep-
ing operations.

As in the successful attack of the
same kind last week, when thirty-
four aeroplanes were used, principal
attention was paid to Zeebrugge above
Ostend, where the Germans have
their principal North sea submarine
base. Other points into which bombs
were hurled were Ostend, Middle-
kerke and Ghentelles, where the Ger-
mans have established an airship
base.

So far as is known the air raid was
most successful. None of the ma-
chines engaged was damaged, and all
the airmen returned safely to Dunkirk,
on the French coast. It was a
bright, clear day, weather conditions
being decidedly more favorable to ac-
curate and effective bomb-dropping
than last week.

HARD PRESSED FOR FOOD

**Germany to Send Five Million People
Out of the Country**

"The wheat shortage in Germany,"
says the London Daily Mail's Copen-
hagen correspondent, "was concealed
until the last moment for fear of dis-
couraging the people. It is much
greater than has hitherto been be-
lieved. Germany will only escape
starvation before the next harvest by a
narrow margin."

The report is in circulation in Co-
penhagen that, owing to the neces-
sity of restricting food consumption,
the German government intends or-
dering 5,000,000 Germans who pos-
sess independent incomes and are in-
eligible for military service to leave
Germany for neutral countries, and
remain there until the war is over.

It is planned, according to the re-
port, that 3,000,000 of these persons
shall go to the Scandinavian coun-
tries, 1,000,000 to Holland and 1,-
000,000 to Switzerland.

FIRED ON FROM AIR

**Austrian Raiders Attack Palace of the
King of Montenegro**

The members of the royal family of
Montenegro were subjected, in their
residence at Kileka, to machine gun
fire from two Austrian aeroplanes.
Kileka is a village near Lake Scutari,
where the royal family passes the
winter.

King Nicholas, the queen and
princesses watched the aerial raiders
from their palace windows. Several
of the bullets fired from the aeroplane
fell near them.

SUFFRAGE PUT UP TO VOTERS

The woman's suffrage amendment
was passed by the Massachusetts
house of representatives by a vote of
195 to 23 and as a result the measure
will be submitted to the voters at the
state election next November. The
Senate has already passed the meas-
ure.

Enforced Vacation For 2200

All employees of the New Haven rail-
road in the passenger and locomotive
departments at the carshops at Read-
ville, Mass., numbering 2200, were
laid off until March 1. No reason for
the lay-off is given by the company.

The sundry civil appropriation bill,
carrying \$125,000,000, was passed in
the national house.

Fanny Crosby, the hymn writer,
died at her home at Bridgeport,
Conn., in her 93rd year. She had
written more than 800 hymns.

Josephine Romana, 74 years old,
won a verdict of \$16,500 against the
Boston Elevated from Suffolk jury
for burns received when 8 years old
from stepping on a charged electric
wire on land adjacent to the El.
street car barns in East Boston.

Prof. Samuel W. Shattuck, for
forty-four years a member of the Uni-
versity of Illinois faculty, died at Ur-
bana, Ill. He was born in 1841 at
Groton, Mass.

CONTINUES WAR IN HER OWN WAY

Germany Will Not Modify Order

Creating War Zone

REJECTS AMERICAN PROTEST

**Claims Right to Attack Enemy's
Shipping Because of Britain's Al-
leged Violation of International Law**

**Suggests That American Ships Be
Convoys—Washington Not Pleased
With Reply, Though Friendly, and
Will Again Insist That American
Ships Be Let Alone**

The reply of Germany to the protest
of the United States against a
blockade of British waters is couched
in the most friendly terms, but firmly
maintaining the position of Germany
as already announced.

The answer, which is a lengthy
document, has been transmitted in
full to Washington.

The note explains that Germany's
proposed action is rendered necessary
by Great Britain's policy of at-
tempting to cut off the food supply
for the German civil populace by a
method never recognized in interna-
tional law.

England's course in ordering mer-
chantmen to fly neutral flags, equip-
ping them with artillery, with orders
to destroy submarines, the German
reply contends, renders negotiators
the right of search, thus giving Ger-
many the right to attack English
shipping. Germany holds that she
cannot abandon that right under the
stress which England has enforced
upon her.

Since Germany must compel the na-
tions with which she is at war to re-
turn the recognized principles of inter-
national law, and restore the free-
dom of the seas, she argues that the
stand she has taken is necessary.

Convoy Suggested

The note recommends that the
United States government send war-
ships to England to convoy merchant
vessels through the danger zone as
a security against attack with the un-
derstanding that vessels thus guarded
shall carry no war supplies. Hope is
expressed that the American govern-
ment will understand the position in
which Germany has been placed and
appreciate the reasons for its course.

The reply closes with an expression
of the hope that the United States
will prevail upon Great Britain to "re-
turn to the principles of international
law recognized prior to the outbreak
of the war," and in particular obtain
the observance of the London declara-
tion by belligerents opposed to Ger-
many.

If this were done, the note explains,
Germany would be enabled to import
food supplies and raw materials.
Germany would recognize in this,
says the reply, an invaluable service
toward a more humane conduct of the
war, and would act in accordance
with the new situation thus created.

Reply Hardly Satisfactory

Washington appreciates the friendly
reply, but a careful reading has
shown Germany sternly unyielding,
and the references to an embargo on
arms and the suggestion of United
States warships as convoys of Ameri-
can ships are received with scant

favor.

It is hinted in well informed quar-
ters that the next Washington note
will repeat the American contention
of safety for neutral commerce under
all recognized usages of civilized war-
fare, and will declare in diplomatic
language that if German submarines
destroy American lives Germany must
be prepared to take the consequences
which such an act entails.

Politician a Suicide

The body of E. F. Crowell, trea-
surer and general manager of a Prov-
idence engine company and a well
known Democratic politician, was
found in a pond. A medical examiner
said Crowell committed suicide.

Herd of Diseased Hogs Killed

Three hundred hogs, owned by
Jacques Sharpon, of South Attleboro,
Mass., were killed on account of being
infected with the hoof and mouth
disease. The herd was valued at
\$3600.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

**Representative Channing H. Cox,
Speaker of the Massachusetts house
of representatives, was married at
Brookline, Mass., to Miss May E.
Young.**

A. Y. Brown, a seaman, died from
injuries received while boxing on
board the cruiser West Virginia with
Clarence Salmon, another seaman.

Jesse L. Livermore, who made and
lost millions plunging on the New
York cotton exchange, filed a voluntary
petition in bankruptcy at New
York.

The New Jersey senate passed the
woman suffrage amendment to the
state constitution. The house passed
the resolution two weeks ago.

Frank X. Oberle, 52, first president
of the Frank X. Oberle company,
manufacturer of cigars, Boston, died
at Baden, Ger.

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BRITAIN AWAITING ATTACK

No Ships Have Yet Suffered From
German Submarine Blockade

No incidents, so far as is known,
have yet marked the opening of Ger-
many's submarine blockade of the
British Isles. Nor has the British
government thus far announced its
promised retaliatory measures.

Precautions, however, are being
taken on the British side of the North
sea, and, although the German gov-
ernment has warned the German peo-
ple not to expect any sensational de-
velopments for some days, the regular
cross channel passenger services
have been somewhat curtailed and al-
tered. Otherwise, the sea-borne
trade of England is proceeding much
as usual.

FRENCH STEAMER SUNK

Crew Ordered to Leave Before Ger-
man Submarine Began Attack

An official communication issued by
the French ministry of marine tells
of the sinking by the German subma-
rine U-16 of the French steamer Vil-
la de Lille a short distance east of Cher-
bourg, after the submarine had or-
dered the crew to leave the steamer.

The Villa de Lille was a small
steamer of 997 tons.

WHY WE CAN'T FLY

The Reason Man Is Unable to Rise
In the Air Like a Bird.

HE LACKS THE BREASTBONE.

In the Bird It Is Very Massive and Developed Like the Keel of a Yacht, and Therein Lies the Secret of its Enormous Wing Power.

Man has always longed to fly like a bird, and all the ancient attempts at flight were based upon the flapping of wings attached to human arms.

These efforts were given up long ago when it was realized that man was not and could not be strong enough to sustain himself in the air by the use of his arms. A man can only just lift himself with his arms—climbing the bar, for example—but he finds himself pretty heavy after he has done it a few times.

The reason why no man will ever be able to fly with self moved wings is that his breastbone is not big enough. A bird's breastbone has along its middle a deep keel, from which spring the enormous muscles that draw the wings when flapping or hold them level when soaring, the muscles, in other words, that support the entire weight of the bird.

The most powerful fliers have the deepest breastbones. Look at the skeleton of an albatross, a condor or a humming bird in a museum and you will notice that the keel of its breastbone projects like the keel of a racing yacht.

You can see this keel, only much smaller in proportion to the size of the bird, on the carcass of any chicken or turkey after the meat has been removed, and the tender white flesh from the breast is nothing but the muscle with which the bird flew when alive.

You notice that even on a chicken which is one of the weakest of fliers this flesh forms the greater part of the body. On a humming bird there is little else but this mass of flying muscle. In other words, the humming bird is nothing but a tiny flying machine.

An albatross has a vast spread of wings, and its small body is little else but a pair of powerful pectoral muscles. These are attached by tendons to the bone called the humerus, which is the counterpart of the upper arm bone of a man. They spread out like a solid fan and are fastened to the breastbone with its deep keel, to the clavicles, or "wishbone," and to the ribs.

A man's breastbone has no keel. His humerus, or upper arm bone, is blind to the clavicle, or collarbone, and shoulder blade. His pectoral muscles which move the arm forward, and delot muscles, which lift it, are attached to it by strong tendons and spread fanlike over his upper chest, being in series in the ribs and clavicles.

These are the muscles that do the same work for man as the pectoral muscles do for a bird. These are the muscles on which he would have to rely if he were to fasten wings to his arms and try to fly.

Compare these muscles with those of an albatross and you will see how inadequate they are. Though an albatross weighs only a few pounds, it has pectoral muscles that are actually larger than those of the most powerful athlete.

In order to have muscles powerful enough to lift his weight in the air by flapping wings a man's breastbone would have to develop a keel like a bird's and his collar bone would have to be changed to a glent "wishbone."

Some writer on aviation has calculated that this keel and "wishbone" would have to project at least six feet in order to furnish attachment for the necessary muscles, for man in proportion to his size is far heavier than an albatross. This bird has small and very light legs, whereas man's legs are solid and heavy. The albatross' long wing bones are hollow tubes.

This makes it plain why experimenters in flying long ago gave up the idea of self moved wings and slept like that of a bird.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Trouble With Goliath.

Queen Victoria once induced Count Shurvalov, the Russian ambassador, to try a game of golf at Baltimore. The Russian did try, but after innumerable misses he turned round to one of the bystanders and said:

"Ach, monsieur, it would be a very nice game if the ball was ten times larger. Now let us go home."

But what he said in Russian to himself is not recorded.

Felt Safe.

On Jimmie's birthday his mother gave him a knife. A little friend told him that he ought to give his mother a penny, so that it would not eat their friendship, whereupon Jimmie replied, "It won't eat anything else, so I guess it won't eat our friendship."—Delinicator.

The Way of it.

"The doctors who attended me after my automobile accident told me I was full of grit."

"Yes; I understand they removed a great deal of the road you were holding in your teeth."—Baltimore American.

Employ the time well if thou meanest to gain leisure and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.—Franklin.

Three eggs, one and one-fourth cups sugar, one cup milk, two and three-fourths cups flour, one-half cup butter, two rounded teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon of flavoring. Cream sugar and butter. Separate eggs and add beaten yolks to butter and sugar. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and sift again. Add milk, flour and stiffly beaten whites in order given. Stir until smooth. Bake in loaf.

UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL EXPERT.

One Who Does Nothing but Play With Toy Battleships.

In a long, low building down near the river in Washington there is a man who plays with toy ships in a toy ocean. And as a result of his play he can foretell exactly how the big battleships of the United States navy will behave in a storm at sea, and he can predict to a pretty how much horsepower will be needed to drive the great transatlantic liners laden with their passengers and freight. He does this before even the keels of the ships have been laid down.

He is a naval constructor in the United States navy, and the toy ocean on which he works is the United States experimental model basin. The sheet of water in the basin is 500 feet long and fifty feet wide, with a maximum depth of fourteen feet.

But in this limited space the naval expert, working with a wave maker, a dynamometer, a towing bridge, and other apparatus, can solve all the mechanical problems connected with the construction of a ship, its probable roll when struck by giant waves and the horsepower needed in its tremendous engine to drive it through the water. He works with wooden models twenty feet long. Some of them weigh 1,000 pounds, none of them more than 2,000. The other countries of the world use paraffine models, but he works entirely with the miniature ships of wood.

The drawings and plans of the battleships to be built by Uncle Sam are turned over to the constructor by the navy department's bureau of construction and repair. In a little shop adjoining the building which covers the model basin the models are made and painted. Bags of shot, each weighing twenty-five pounds, are kept on hand to bring the model up to the corresponding weight of the big ship. The final tests are made in the "toy ocean" near by.—Popular Magazine.

UNSEEN COMPANIONS.

Familiars That Are Born and Dwell In Our Imaginations.

Real men and women are not the only people. Our minds are inhabited as truly as any other country. Every child has his invisible playmate, to whom he talks more freely than to his parents and with whom he goes upon strange adventures—a tiny Columbus, with whom he embarks upon the waters of the bathtub to discover a new land, or a roving De Soto, with whom he slips through the garden gate unattended and unafraid, always before he is three years old, bent upon an excursion into the wilderness which lies across the brook in the field or in the woods.

If you are the father or mother of this child you never can understand that—how the timid baby who was never before out of your sight could have gone so far alone. Why, when you found him, stabled with his travels, very tired, almost nodding, he was still confident, triumphant and bent upon a further pilgrimage into the unknown. It is because he was not alone. He was accompanied by another whom he knows better than he will ever know father or mother, one of those companions of his own fancy, about whom he never tells you or any one else.

These people grow up like other people. The little child has his familiar, and the young man his "ideal" always a woman—not the one he marries nor even the one he might have married, but one whom he never saw in the flesh, a veiled and inscrutable presence who never forsakes him. And when he grows old she remains young, fairer than theilles, sweeter than hollyhock upon the leaves in June.—Corra Harris in Harper's Magazine.

Romance.

They were at a tea on Morningside—she extremely pretty and engaging despite the fact that she was in Teachers' college and he an earnest student of the law. They had really gone quite far along the pleasant road of romance. He inquired civilly what degree she pursued.

"I aspire to an M. R. S.," she replied demurely.

"I dare say it's hard," he answered absentmindedly. Hours afterward under the green shaded light in his own room it all came to him suddenly.—New York Post.

A Composite Church.

While there are many beautiful churches, it is an old saying that the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the portal of Rheims and the towers of Chartres would together make the loveliest church in the world. The glass in the great windows of nave and transept at Rheims was one of its greatest charms. Almost all of it was made at the time when such work was most beautiful.

Scared, but No Coward.

"You look scared, Lieutenant," said the coarse grained fellow in the ranks to an intelligent young officer as the regiment was ordered to charge.

"I am scared," was the frank reply. "If you were half as scared as I am you would be on the run five miles in the rear."—Boston Transcript.

A Foolish Theft.

"You are charged with going through the pockets of a man who beat your taxicab."

"Guilt, your honor."

"A very foolish robbery. Why weren't you content to get his money in the usual manner?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Attire to Suit.

"The cashier and his bride were certainly appropriately dressed for their wedding."

"How so?"

"She wore a changeable silk, and he had on a check suit."—Baltimore American.

CAMPHOR'S TRAIL OF BLOOD.

The Cost in Human Lives For Gathering the Pungent Drug.

Every drop of camphor you use is estimated to have cost at least its weight in human blood. There are few things which demand a heavier toll of lives than this pungent drug, which is so widely used for keeping moths out of our clothes and for making liniments and other remedies.

The reason for this is that the mountainous parts of the island of Formosa, from which the world gets most of its camphor, are inhabited by head hunting savages, whom the successive invaders of the island have been unable to subdue.

These savages are quite alive to the value of the camphor trees and fiercely oppose all attempts to get possession of the forests. Their hostility makes the gathering of camphor a most hazardous occupation and one in which a loaded rifle is the most indispensable tool.

Since the Japanese took the island after their successful campaign against China in the interval they have been carrying on a carefully concerted plan of gradual penetration of the valuable camphor regions. They make paths six feet in width through the virgin forests. At intervals of every 120 yards stands a guardhouse, and every fourth or fifth guardhouse is a small fort, entrenched and defended by barbed wire entanglements, such as are being used on the battle grounds of Europe. Telephonic intercommunication, machine guns and all the resources of western military science are employed, and the lines are pushed gradually forward.

In spite of these elaborate precautions, the loss among the camphor gatherers amounts to hundreds of deaths annually.

It is calculated that Formosa contains about a million camphor trees, some 10,000 of which are cut down every year. At this rate the supply will be exhausted in a hundred years, but when the country is thoroughly pacified there is no doubt that the Japanese will see that restoration is properly undertaken and no inexhaustible supply insured.

The savages who are waging so much trouble are estimated to number about 120,000, and a further twelve years will it be thought, be required to subdue them.—New York American.

War's Deaths Merely a Trifle.

The total population of the earth is about 1,800,000,000. Annually there are added to it 14,000,000 souls. Every year at least 80,000,000 are born and 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 die. This means a daily birth rate of about 220,000, a death rate of 180,000. The daily increase in population is 40,000. In comparison with this irresistible swelling tide what are the greatest battles, wars or earthquakes but almost microscopic ripples? If we imagine that the power were given to some despot to order a wholesale slaughter and that guillotines were kept busy beheading one man every minute night and day this would add only three-quarters of 1 per cent to the existing death rate—Scientific American.

Ceremony and Cannon Salts.

There is a tale told about an officer who was conversing with Marlborough during a hot engagement and insisted on taking off his hat and bowing profoundly every time he spoke to the duke. That great man suggested that at such a time they might very well waive all ceremony. But the officer bowed deeply to his commander's suggestion, and just as he was bending down a canon ball cleared him and took off the head of a comrade. The officer on coming up again and seeing what had happened remarked calmly, "Your grace perceives that one loses nothing by politeness."—London News.

Luring the Bees.

The Arabs and Bedouins of Tripoli profit by the industry of bees wherever vegetation abounds. At the swarming season empty hives are placed close to the old ones, and a trail of honey laid at each entrance.

If a queen is disposed to fly away with her subjects lemon rind is rubbed on a wall near the hive; the quickly diffused, pungent odor attracts the bees, arrests their flight, and the lure of the honey at the portal completes their capture.

In the Trench.

We live in trenches, and so few of us realize it. Life is a trench. Beside us are the jesters and the heroes, the living and the dead. In the intervals of our own escapements we make wagers and gaze at the stars, or the sun's rays warm us and stir our loves and sentiments and cosmic cravings. We do not fight always in life's trench. Sometimes we lie asleep and dream, while others guard our sense of glory.

And we helped to dig it.—Life.

A Spelling Test.

"I prophesy an agreeable ecstasy in perceiving the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed postillion while gauging the symmetry of a potato peeled by a sibyl." Dictate this sentence and find how many of your friends will be able to spell it aright.—Exchange.

Experienced.

Mrs. Hetherington—Have you an experienced maid? Employment Agent—can send you one who's had so much experience she can break steel enamel pickle dishes.—Puck.

What a good thing it is for most of us that money is not the only thing that will purchase happiness!

"I argued and wrangled about love matches with Miss Marie Corelli one whole day in her old fashioned Stratford home," said a prominent woman magazine writer, "but she rather got the better of me at the end with an epigram."

"She who marries for love," Miss Corelli said, "enters heaven with her eyes shut. She who marries without love enters hell with them open."

VOLCANOES IN NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand's volcanic phenomena are accounted for in the Maori legends to the following manner:

One of the first chiefs to reach New Zealand from the ancient home in Hawaiki brought with him a trusted follower, Ngauruhoe, with whom he set out to examine the country. When they reached the highest peak they suffered much from cold, and the chief shouted to his slaves on a far distant island to send some of the fire which had been brought in canoes from Hawaiki. This fire immediately came in a southwest wind, subterraneously bursting forth on the summit where the chief and his follower sat freezing. It arrived in time to save the life of the former, but not that of Ngauruhoe, whose name is commemorated in the highest peak of the Tongariro mountains. Geysers, hot springs and fumaroles mark the course of the subterranean passage. Mount Ngauruhoe stands in solitary grandeur because he, as one of the three giants, quarreled with the other two, Tongariro and Ruapehu, and had to fly to the coast to escape their wrath.

America Not So Big.

On the steamer off the west coast of Africa I picked up an acquaintance with an Englishman who had come somewhere along the Gold Coast. After the usual commonplaces he drawled, "You are an American!"

I admitted the soft impeachment.

"Did you ever meet an Englishman over there named Jessup?" was his next query.

I always take Englishmen seriously, so instead of rolling my eyes and exclaiming what a large country America is, I told him the truth about all the Jessups I happened to know. There were only two—one was a steel agent in New York city and the other was a Y. M. C. A. secretary in Summit, N. J.

"That's the chap," said the Briton, unexpectedly. "He used to live next door to me in Birmingham."

And he did, you know. And I couldn't keep up my pretense that America was a big country after that.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Eugenio Field and Children.

"It was children whom Field loved best," says Miss Hildegard Hawthorne in St. Nicholas; "and he would take all sorts of trouble to make a child happy. His room was crowded with toys, queer dolls, funny little mechanical toys that ran about or boxed or nodded strange heads or performed tricks. His study door was never shut to a child, and he had many child friends; his family knew nothing of it. His brother tells how a few hours after his death a little crippled boy came to the door and asked if he might go up and see Mr. Field. He was taken into the room where the gentle, much-loved figure lay and slept there. In a little while the lame, dimpling boy started to cry, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and went silently away, known to nobody there."

An Offender's First Arrest.

The first shock of arrest and imprisonment is to the first offender the great crisis of his life. He realizes suddenly and vividly that the state is not merely a political abstraction out of a long forgotten school book, but a thing alive, armed with jaw and claw. The effect of this is overwhelming. There is no human animal more pitiful and plastic than the first offender on his first day in prison. On that day of all days the state can mold him easily to its civic needs. Turn him over to a man who believes in the bottom good in him; teach him a trade whereby he may learn to support himself honestly when released; give him a share in his earnings, so that he may, even though in prison, support his innocent wife and helpless children or, if he is alone, save a bit of capital against that blackest day of liberation—in other words, give him work and hope, the two things which all men need in order to live—and you will have set him on the road to citizenship. Deprive him of work and hope and you will as surely have set him on the road to criminality.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SEEING THE SUN.

A Traveler's Experience Among the Natives of Manchuria.

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ALCOR, THE DOUBLE STAR.

Much Brighter Now Than It Was in the Tenth Century.
The two stars, Alcor and Alcor, form a double star system which can easily be perceived by the naked eye. This was not the case formerly, as the Arab used the resolution of the system into its two components as a test for good eyes.

It would seem, therefore, that this star has increased in brightness since the tenth century, a supposition which is supported by the fact that it is not mentioned by the ancients.

The history of this star was familiar to astronomers when it was known, in 1901, that Alcor is itself a double star. It is now discovered by Harlow Shapley that Alcor varies in brightness, the variations having a feeble amplitude and a short period. The spectrum type of Alcor, which is a star A5, that is to say, a white star with hydrogen predominating and the doubling of the lines announces a variation of the Algol type, by eclipse rather than continuous variation.

It is supposed that there exists a couple of elliptic stars very close together and inclined on their orbit in such a way that the mutual eclipse is feeble or almost nothing, the variations of brightness resulting from their marked ellipticity. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SUGAR MAKES YOU GROW.

That, It Seems, Is Why Our Girls Are Becoming Taller.

English and American girls just reaching womanhood, and the next generation in its early teens, are unusually tall, standing a head or more above their mothers. This has been remarked on over and over again, and has been the subject of learned disquisitions. Yet no generally accepted cause for the fact has been given up to this time.

Now comes a London physician of note and says that it is simply a case of lengthened sweetness. By "sweetness" in this particular case the nature of the young ladies is not referred to, but their diet. In fact, statistics of recent years show that Americans and Britons of both sexes are increasing in height and weight. Why? The physician referred to says it is sugar.

Great Britain and America are the sugar eating nations of the world and have quadrupled their saccharine consumption in the last score of years.

This is now the best explanation of an accepted fact, and it will have to stand until a better one comes along.—London Tit-Bits.

Clearing the Atmosphere.

In his capacity of dramatic critic Mr. J. Comyns Carr, the author, wrote a notice of the play of "Charles I." in which Irving played under the management of Mr. Bateman. His criticism deeply incensed the manager, in order perhaps to find the opportunity of informing the critic of his displeasure, the manager invited him to a supper at the Westminster Club on the second or third night of the production. When he thought the fitting moment had arrived Mr. Bateman led the conversation to the point at issue and emphatically banging the table with his fist, declared in the loudest of tones that he did not produce his play at the Lyceum theater to please Mr. Comyns Carr. There was a moment's awkward silence, which Mr. Carr confessed he did not feel quite able to break, but which was released by a wit of the company with the happy retort, "Well, dear boy, then you can't be surprised if they don't please him."

When Coal Fires Were Barred.

Fires were at one time a great luxury in England, and even the right to use the fire had been bequeathed. Thus the will of one Richard Byrcheit (1610) read:

"I will ye sayd Neil my wif, shal have ye chamber she lies in and lybere arte ye fyre in the house; all yee thyngs shal she haue so long as she ys wido."

Coal was first imported into London at the end of the thirteenth century, but the smoke produced by burning it in improperly constructed grates caused such a prejudice against it that in 1306 a law was passed making it a capital offense to burn coal in the city. The Tower records give details of a man's trial and execution for the offense.—London Graphic.

Difficult Trading.

The trade between India and Tibet has to be carried through tortuous passes between 14,000 and 18,000 feet high, most of which are practically impassable during seasons of heavy rain and snow. Sheep and also horses between yaks and ordinary cattle are used as beasts of burden. The most important route into Tibet from India is from Sikkim, near Darjeeling in northern Bengal, and across the small frontier state of Sikkim to Gyantse and Yatung in Tibet, the two leading trade marts authorized by the existing convention.

The other chief means of access to Tibet are from Almora, in the northern part of the United Provinces, and from Simla over the Simla-Tibet road to Gartok in western Tibet, which is at about 14,200 feet elevation above the sea.

High Finance in China.

It is an established custom in China that a new company must pay dividends to its shareholders from the first years of its existence, and this forms invariably a clause of the articles of association. Some concerns which fail to realize a profit have to contract a high interest loan in order to pay dividends in full. It is this practice that compels companies to contract loan after loan until they are plunged into a helpless state. Furthermore, when a new company is established it is from the start tied down to a system of commission paying. In every purchase as well as in every sale of the company a commission goes with it which is therefore counted into every payment and receipt, thus occasioning the need of an unnecessarily large amount of capital.—Argonaut.

An Old, Old Song.

I sing you the old, old song—
A happy, happy New Year.
It has rolled the ages along,
With its cadences, sweet and clear.

More need to sing it anew
In the midst of the cannon's roar,
Lest the world forget, in its blood and hate,
That Love is the Conqueror.

"A happy New Year" to the men,
Who march to the battle line,
It will nerve their arms in the hour of fate,—
Make human strength Divine.

"A happy New Year" to the boys,
Who, wounded by shot or shell,
Must fall to the rear from the hard fought field,—
The merciless door of Hell.

"A happy New Year" to those,
Who stand at the wicket gate
For the post, that shall breathe a lover's prayer,
Or the widowed heart make faint.

"A happy New Year," nor hate,
To the war lord who wrought the strife;
"Twas the Christ who told that story of old,—
"For thy brother give thou thy life."

"A happy New Year" to those,
Who labor and watch and pray
For the advent of Peace, the reign of Love,—
Earth's great millennial day.

"A happy New Year" to men
Of every nation and clime,
Till around the world one song shall roll,—
The Christ-birth song sublime.

THOMAS W. BICKNELL,
New Years, 1915.

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

2 JACKSON PLACE.

Washington, D. C.

February 16, 1915.

The undersigned have been associated for some years in the execution of a trust to promote international peace and our duties have involved a continual survey of the efforts to that end throughout the world.

We wish to say to all friends of peace that the dreadful war now raging affords no just cause for discouragement, no discredit to past efforts, and no reason to doubt that still greater efforts in the future may be effective and useful.

The war itself is teaching the gospel of peace through a lesson so shocking and so terrible that the most indifferent can not fail to attend and understand it.

Not only have the destruction of life, the devastation and the suffering in the warring countries passed all experience, but the cessation of production, the closing of markets, the blocking of trade routes, the interruption of exchanges, have affected industry and caused ruin and poverty in all the peaceful countries of the world.

The universal interdependence of nations has been demonstrated and the taunt forced upon every mind that the peace of all nations is the vital concern of every nation.

To cast our weak protest now among the tremendous forces that are urging on the great conflict would be futile; but the end of this war will come before long and then the great question will stand for answer:

Shall the lesson be forgotten; the sacrifice lost?

That question the beligerent nations only will have the power to answer; but every one in the world will be entitled to be heard upon it, for it will be a question of civilization, the most momentous of our era.

It seems incredible that after this the stricken people will set their feet in the same old paths of policy and suspicion which must lead them again to the same result!

Finding expression through a great multitude of voices, everywhere the general public opinion of mankind should influence the minds of the negotiators who settle the terms of peace and inspire them to a new departure in the establishment of justice as the rule of international relations.

While we must not be overconfident of our individual qualifications to point out the detailed methods through which the result may be accomplished, we may still advocate measures which seem practicable and appropriate to the purpose.

Above all the motive and spirit of the new institutions should be clearly and fully, not the promotion of ambition or the extension of power, but the safeguarding of human rights and the protection of individual liberty.

Toward this high end the courage and hope and conviction of the humblest citizen of the most distant land may contribute.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE
Andrew D. White
John W. Foster
Eliza Root
Luke E. Wright
Charlemagne Tower
Robert S. Woodward
Austin G. Fox
Jacob G. Schmidtapp
Thomas Burke
Robert S. Brookings
Oscar S. Straus
Samuel Mather
James L. Slade
John Sharp Williams
Charles L. Taylor
Henry S. Pritchett
William M. Howard
Cleveland H. Dodge
Robert A. Franks
George W. Perkins
Nicholas Murray Butler
Andrew J. Montague
Arthur William Foster
James Brown Scott

Losers and Finders.

A lawyer having offices in a large office building, recently lost a cuff link, one of a pair that he greatly prized. Being absolutely certain that he had dropped the link somewhere in the building, he posted this notice:

"Lost—A gold cuff link. The owner, William Ward, will deeply appreciate its return."

That afternoon on passing the door whereon this notice was posted, what were the feelings of the lawyer to observe that appended thereto were these lines:

"The finder of the missing cuff link would deem it a great favor if the owner would kindly lose the other link."—New York Post.

English Christmas Card, 1914.

(Sent by an English retired Army Officer to his son in Rhode Island.)
I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
And in despair I bowed my head;
There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep.
The Wrong shall fail
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

Rather Jolting.

They were speaking about rude jolts in a theatrical club the other night, and George Arliss, the actor, was reminded of an incident that happened in a New England city.

Some time ago an esteemed citizen retained a lawyer to defend him in a civil suit. Things went wrong, however, and the esteemed citizen was obliged to put up the coin. Naturally he blamed it on the lawyer.

"I thought," heatedly remarked the citizen to his legal representative on leaving the courtroom, "that when I employed a lawyer I was comparatively safe."

"You shouldn't blame me," returned the legal one. "I did the very best I could with the material in hand."

"Is that so?" sarcastically exclaimed the citizen. "Well, let me tell you something! If I had a son who was an idiot I would make a lawyer of him!"

"Perhaps," was the cool rejoinder of the other. "But your father seemed to have entertained a different opinion."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Speaking of Dryness.

Apropos of West Virginia's dryness Mayor Rockwell of Pleasant Farm said: "On account of its high summer temperature the consumption of beer in this state from June to September used to be remarkable. There were some ill-advised West Virginians, who were even proud of it."

"Two such men, residents of Grafton, spent their summer vacation in New York. Their first evening in New York was devoted to roof gardening. On a cool roof garden, under the shining stars they saw on every side well-dressed people drinking iced drinks through straws.

"This sight amused them and, when the waiter came for their order the elder Grafton said:

"We're from Grafton. Bring us two buckets of beer and two gasples."—Philadelphia Ledger.

On the Level.

Sam and Luke, browsing around, crossed the pasture. The Judge's bull saw them, and Sam beat him to the fence by a single stride with nothing to spare. Luke, a bad starter, didn't try for the fence. He stuck to the open. He led the bull around the field on the first lap, while Sam, from the fence urged him to "a'll bust er speed." On the second lap Sam exhorted him, "Run, nigh—ye ain't half runnin'!" The third time, Sam yelled, "Make has'e!" Luke risked all in his answer.

"Shall the lesson be forgotten; the sacrifice lost?

That question the beligerent nations only will have the power to answer; but every one in the world will be entitled to be heard upon it, for it will be a question of civilization, the most momentous of our era.

Maple Is the Best and is What the Old World Famed Makers Used.

In the finest violins the body is made of white maple. In cheap ones violet ebony is used. In medium priced ones alternate leaves of the two are employed. The best wood of all is that of the epica, a tree resembling a fir in general appearance, which grows in central and northern Europe, but musical instrument makers set special value on that from the Vosges mountains. Its wood is most homogeneous and has the advantage over all others that there is scarcely any difference between the sap wood and the heart.

Violet ebony, which comes from Brazil, Africa and India, is much used for pianos. True ebony is now so expensive that it is reserved for nuts and twisters.

Sycamore maple, somewhat less homogeneous than white maple and hence less sonorous, is employed chiefly in making mandolins.

Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending a letter to this department the following rules must be strictly observed:
1. Name and full name and address of the writer.
2. A blank or querulous question.
3. Writer's name and address of the paper.
4. Writer's name and address of the paper.
5. Number of the query and the date of it.
6. Letter addressed to our editor, to be forwarded, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Mrs. E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

FEBRUARY, FRIDAY, 20, 1915.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology by John Barber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T.

Continued.

1813. Randolph, R. K., Esq., admitted to the bar, March.

1813. Rochemieu, killed at Leipzig, Oct. 18.

1813. Rogers, Mary, died July 17, age 71.

1814. Richmond, Dr. Benj., died at Little Compton, Feb. 20, age 63.

1814. Richards, Rev. George, committed suicide at Philadelphia, son of David, a Lawyer of Newport; a Universalist minister.

1814. Rumirell, Thomas, Esq., died at Newport, Aug. 29, age 70 years. He was an Active Whig in Revolution, and Member of Assembly many years and keeper of G. Committee office in paper money times.

1814. Rice, Rev. Luther, Missionary to East India, preached in 2nd Baptist Meeting House Dec. 4, to a crowded audience.

1814. Rogers, Ann of Daniel, died, age 30, April 1.

1815. Redwood, Wm., died at Burlington, N. J., Jan. 14, age 90 years.

1815. Richmond, Dr. John Wm., m'd Henrietta Bourne, wife of John, Jun.

1815. Richardson, Dr. Wm., married to Mary Amy, April 13 (Portsmouth).

1815. Rogers, Capt. George W., married to Miss Ann M. Perry of Newport, in New York, June.

1815. Rodman, Thomas, married Sarah R. Smith, at North Kingstown, November.

1815. Remington, Sarah, died Dec., age 65.

1816. Read, Gen. Jacob, died July 21, former Senator in Congress and sometime resident of Newport, died at Charleston, S. C.

1816. Richards, Sarah, wife of John, died July, age 67.

1816. Richardson, Abigail, wife of Jacob, died Sept., age 59.

1816. Robinson, Frances, wife of Wm. C., died Dec. 3, age 43.

1817. Read, Eliza, jun., of Newport, killed accidentally on passage from Georgetown, S. C., Feb. 20.

1817. Robinson, Sarah, wife of Thomas, Quaker, died Aug. 2, age 83.

1817. Robinson, Thomas, died Nov. 11, age 57, merchant of Newport.

1817. Rodman, Walter, married Elizabeth Swaney, March 10.

1817. Russel, Jonathan of R. Island, married Lydia Smith of Boston.

1817. Robinson, James, merchant, Newport, died May 9, age 79.

1817. Richardson, Richard, mate of Brig. Mary, died at Havana May 26.

1818. Richardson Jacob, Oct. 6, age 55, former Postmaster from 1784 to 1813.

1818. Ruggles, Benj., Dec. 11, age 47, merchant, Newport, first of firm Sheldon & Ruggles, afterwards with Capt. Robinson Potter.

(To be continued.)

Marriages from the "Rhode Island Museum," printed by Henry C. Southwick & Co., "three doors South of the Cap of Liberty," from July 7 to December 29, 1784. A nearly complete set of this paper is in the possession of the Newport Historical Society.

Marriages.

Sept. 22, 1794. Callahan—Handy. In this Town, on Tuesday evening last, Capt. Frederic William Callahan of Boston, to Miss Meribeth Handy, eldest Daughter of Major John Handy.

Dec. 15, 1794. Clarke—Gardner. In this town, on Monday evening last, Miss Polly Gardner, eldest daughter of Capt. Caleb Gardner.

Sept. 29, 1794. Cox—Parsons. Mr. George Cox, to Mrs. Betsy Parsons, both of this Town.

Sept. 22, 1794. Dayton—Goddard. Last Thursday, by the Rev. Mr. Patten, Col. Ebenezer Dayton, to Mrs. Mary Goddard, widow of the late Capt. John Goddard of this Town. (Correction in next issue. Col. Isaac Dayton.)

Sept. 22, 1794. Donhom—Fell. Mr. Jesse Donhom, to Miss Betsy Fell.

July 21, 1794. Gardner—Anthony. In this Town, Capt. Rodman Gardner, to Miss Polly Anthony, Daughter of Mr. Elisha Anthony.

Nov. 17, 1794. Hammond—Albro. Mr. John Hammond, to Miss Freelo Albro, both of this Town.

Sept. 15, 1794. Hopkins—West. Yesterday, was married by the Rev. William Patten, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hopkins to Miss Elizabeth West.

Sept. 8, 1794. Lawton—Jeffers. Mr. Robert Lawton, to Miss Polly Jeffers, both of this Town.

July 21, 1794. M'Lane—de Eeshoot. At Providence, Major David M'Lane to Miss Joanna de Eeshoot, formerly of this Town.

Aug. 4, 1794. Mott—Barnard. On Thursday last, at the Friends' Meeting House, Mr. Samuel Mott, of New York, to Miss Elizabeth Barnard, of this Town.

Oct. 6, 1794. Price—Pike. In this Town, Mr. Benjamin Price, to Miss Catharine Pike, Daughter of Deacon Joseph Pike.

Oct. 27, 1794. Richmond—Hazard. Mr. Nathaniel Richmond to Miss Betsy Hazard, Daughter of Mr. George Hazard, both of this Town.

Oct. 6, 1794. Tuel—Martin. Mr. Benjamin Tuel, to Miss Ruth Martin, Mercury Broadside announcing Pease, February 14, 1815.

The following is copied from a Broadside issued at the Mercury office, 1815, is of particular interest just now. An original is in possession of the Newport Historical Society.

PEACE.

Office of the Newport Mercury, Tuesday, Feb. 14, 4 o'clock a.m.

To the politeness of Messrs. Brown and B. Tilley, just arrived from Bristol, we are indebted for the following Heart-Cheering Intelligence.

Central Office,

Feb. 13, 5 o'clock a.m.

"We have this instant received in 32

hours from New York the following

GREAT AND HAPPY NEWS!

To B. Russell, Esq.:

Sir—I hasten to acquaint you, for the information of the public, of the arrival here this afternoon of H. B. M. sloop of war Favorite, in which has come passenger Mr. Carroll, American Messenger, having in his possession

A TREATY OF PEACE

Between this country and Great Britain, signed on the 26th of December last.

Mr. Carroll reached town at 8 o'clock this evening. He showed to a friend of mine, who is acquainted with him, the pacquet containing the Treaty, and a London newspaper of the last date of December, announcing the signing of the Treaty.

This city is in a perfect uproar of joy, shouts, hand-clapping, etc.

Queries.

8113. Hawkes, Hutchinson—I have seen somewhere that Adam Hawkes married Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, and I would like to find out if she was Anne Marbury Hutchinson and the mother of Susanna Hawkes. If not, who was the mother of Susanna Hawkes?—T. N.

8114. Davis—Who were the ancestors of Anne Davis, of East Greenwich, R. I., who was b. 1718, d. 1772, married Samuel Westcott, b. Aug. 28, 1719, d. May, 1802. The Westcott Genealogy says she was descended from the first Avon of Newport.—L. P.

8115. Freeborn—Who were the ancestors of Henry Freeborn, of Newport, R. I., b. June 18, 1765, died Oct. 12, 1837? His wife was Mary Simpson.—F. B.

8116. Simmons—Who were the ancestors of Jonathan Simmons, of Newport, R. I., b. 1769, d. Aug. 14, 1808, whose wife was Elizabeth Smith?—F. B.

8117. Burdick—Would also like ancestry of George Burdick, sea captain, of Newport, R. I. He was born there July 10, 1812. He was powder-monkey on a vessel in the war of 1812. What relation was Capt. James Burdick, who died Jan. 31, 1831, mentioned in note in Mercury of Jan. 23, 1831?—F. B.

MIDDLETOWN.

From our regular Correspondent.

At the recent meeting of Aquidneck Grange Mrs. J. Willis Peckham was elected as Flora to fill a vacancy and was installed by Worthy State Master Joseph A. Peckham. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions upon the death of Mrs. William J. Peckham. An invitation was extended from Nonquitt Grange by Rev. E. E. Wells of Middletown. Two letters were read from Postmaster Burlingame in response to the resolution sent him from this Grange in objection to the reduction of the daily mail deliveries. His letter included a statement from the Fourth Postmaster General.

"A Lincoln Program" opened the Lecter's Hour, Mrs. John Nicholson reading "The Perfect Tribute," Mrs. J. Willis Peckham "The Lincoln Highway," and Mrs. E. A. Peckham, Lincoln's words upon the combining of labor and education. Hon. Joel Peckham, superintendent of schools, was the speaker of the evening, and talked at length upon "The Local Public School Problem." Three possible solutions were offered: a central building of four or eight rooms; to build additions to the present schoolhouses; or to have a three-room building somewhere in the Peabody district vicinity. The matter was largely discussed until a very late hour and was finally put to vote to obtain the sentiment of the Grange. To the question "Should Middletown have a central schoolhouse?" (size to be determined later) the motion was carried in favor of this proposition.

The enumeration of the 1915 school census has resulted in a total of 406. Of this, 48 are 5 years old, 43 are 6 years old, and 65 are 14 and over, and there are 205 Portuguese. The present attendance in the Middletown schools is 253. For the past two years the attendance at parochial and private schools has been increasing, owing to crowded conditions in Middletown.

Mrs. Lionel H. Peabody and her daughter, Miss Lydia Peabody, have taken up their permanent residence at the home of Mr. Wm. J. Peckham, Mrs. Peabody's son-in-law. Mr. John Dring of Newport will take possession of the Peabody home on Honeyman Hill in March, where he will make improvements for his sister who is now in England and for whom he purchased the property.

At the February meeting of the Public School Committee Monday evening, Mr. Wm. Livesey Brown chairman, and Clerk Mr. Joel Peckham were appointed a committee to take such action as should be needed to have incorporated in the warrant for the annual town meeting the need of a central school building of at least four rooms. The committee held an extended session to settle, as far as they were able, this much discussed matter and were unanimous in their final decision on the Wyatt School building lot or land adjoining. They also felt that the present schoolhouses needed to be retained for the smaller children.

The public reception held on Monday evening at Holy Cross Guild House by the members of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was largely attended, 150 being present. Mrs. Fred White and Mrs. Newton Dennis were the receiving committee. Mr. Francis Barker Underwood presented the 4-acit melodrama, "Followed by Fate," which was favorably received. Previous to this Mr. O. Andrews, Secretary of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., gave a brief talk to the men. Between the first two acts he spoke to the women. Vocal and instrumental music was rendered between the remaining acts by Mrs. Gertrude Wilber, Miss Louise Anthony and Mr. Elisha Anthony.

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